

THE ARSENAL CANNON



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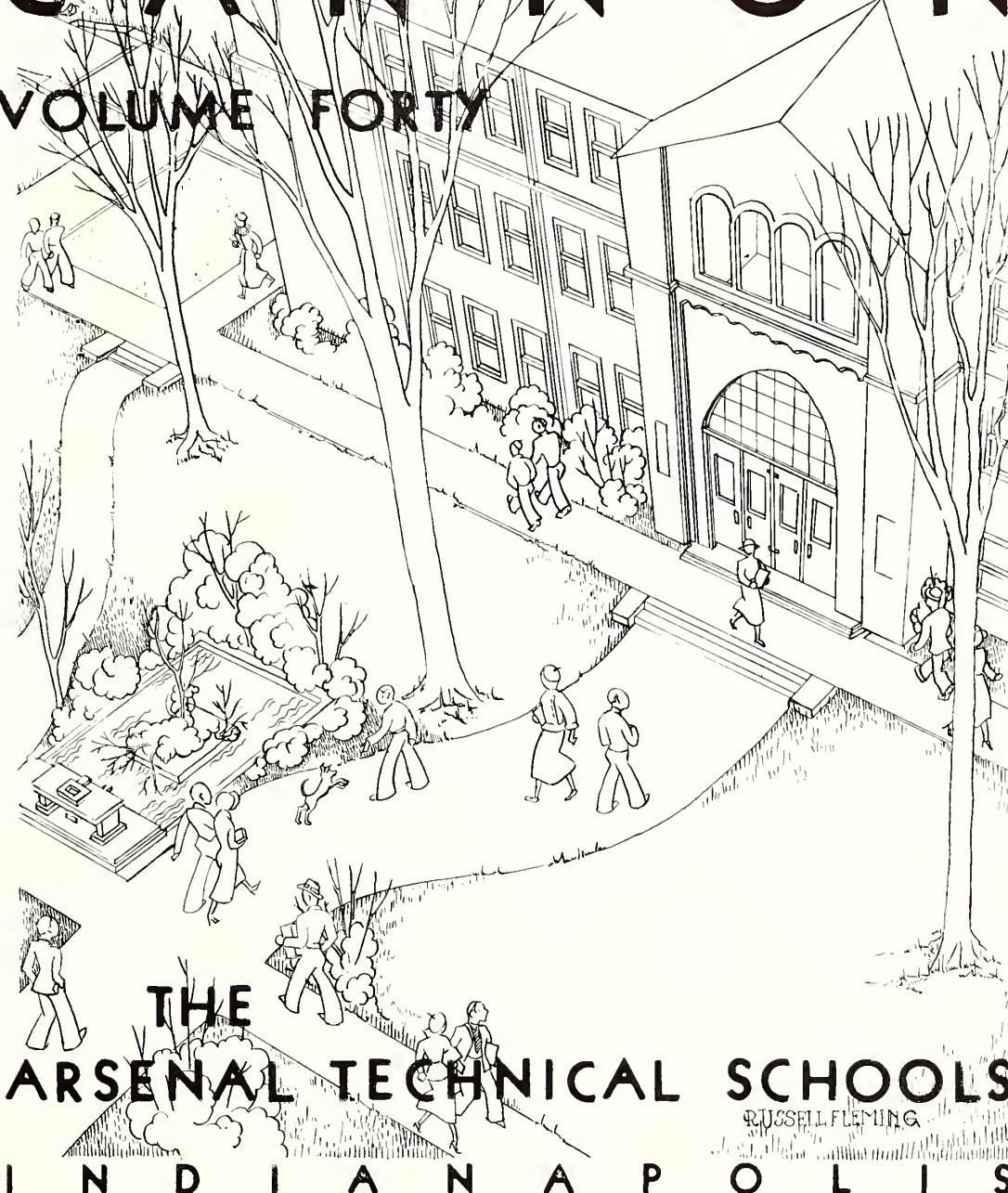


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THE ARSENAL CANNON

VOLUME FORTY



THE
ARSENAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
INDIANAPOLIS

RUSSELL FLEMING

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semester. Five cents per news copy. One dollar per semester by mail. 



MARY ELIZABETH WOODS

THE SHOW IS ON

A MAN once saw a play and he said, "I shall never forget it." But he did. Later the man acted in a play, and again he said, "I shall never forget this." And he never did. Every line, every thought, every character, every bit of laughter, and every change of setting he remembered; and, in remembering, reveled. It is not that which we view from afar that lives to linger in our memories, but that of which we are a part.

We are now all a part of a great play, a vibrant and powerful play not to be forgotten, our high school years at Tech. And as a part of this performance we know the greatness of its power. We value every lesson born of honest work and every standard set high. And being active in this power we shall always remember its significance.

Moreover, like the man, we shall not forget the characters, the settings, and the bits of fun; because, like him, we are a part of these. Friendly little details and incidents always capture memory's choicest corners. Who of us will ever forget the famous landmarks of Tech's campus made vivid by the powers of friendships as they form the setting for our play! What true Tech heart will ever fail to love the grand old Arsenal tower and the fountain, scenes of precious comradeship; or the lunchroom, a stage for our fun and comedy! Which one of us will not treasure friendships gleaned from such a stage—friendships developed in tragedy and friendships reaped from a happy hour, all set to the value of flawless gold!

Soon the curtain will fall for over nine hundred of us. But it will rise again and then—"On with the show"! There will follow more for memory's store-house, and always it will link hands with this, our play of today. No, we shall not forget this play, for it is ours.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

As the ARSENAL CANNON strives to be wholly representative of Tech, so we have selected, by contest, literature typical of student achievement. The three contests—short story, essay, and poetry—granted three places for each division: first, second, and third places to the English I through IV division; and first, second, and third places to the English V through VIII division.

We extend our appreciation to the following teachers who served as judges for the contest: short story—Miss Margaret Remy, Miss Olive Brown, and Miss Olive Traylor; essays—Miss Grace Bryan, Miss Narcie Pollitt, and Miss Clarissa Morrow; and poetry—Miss Ruth Bozell and Mr. Bjorn Winger.

Prize-winners are as follows:

Short story, *upperclassmen*—Katherine Herbers, first place; Barbara Dyar, second place; and Herbert Hunt, third place; *underclassmen*—Virginia Volz, first place; Myla Udell, second place; and Richard Weis, third place.

Essays, *upperclassmen*—Betty Stilz, first place; Grace Fairchild, second place; and Lois Stevens, third place; *underclassmen*—Harold Calbert, first place; Wilma McCallian, second and third places.

Poetry, *upperclassmen*—Kathrine Ross, first place; Eve Stanton, second place; and Katherine Herbers, third place; *underclassmen*—Robert Resiner, first place; Edith Edmonds, second place; and Mary Louise Milbourn, third place; honorable mention in poetry—Marcella Wires, Katherine Herbers, and Helen Marie Clements.

Here, also, we acknowledge the writing of the following articles by English classes: The last will and testament, written by Mrs. Jeanne Bose's VIIc class; the prophecy, by Mrs. Eva Lycan's VIIc class; the senior jingles, by Miss Jane Strain's VIIc class; senior advertisements, by Mr. D. C. Park's Advertising II class.

TIMOTHY SAVES THE DAY

By KATHERINE HERBERS

PERCHED HIGH
in a crotch of the tall maple, Timothy scanned the surrounding country with a proprietary air. He blinked his eyes in pleasure as he noticed the long, smooth stretch of green grass against which the trees in their outrageous autumn garb of red and yellow made a flagrant contrast.

In front of him was the house, an immense and noble structure in brick with stone trimmings and numberless French windows, dear to Timothy's heart. He, as countless others of his tribe, could not resist a comfortable window in which he might doze in the warm, benevolent eye of the sun, and dream, in the immutable manner of felines, of plump, white mice which crunched ever so delightfully between the stiletto-sharpness of pointed teeth, of rich, thick cream which flowed ever so slowly down the long, warm pinkness of a throat, or of that pungent prize of Catdom, catnip.

Timothy's musings were rudely punctured as from behind him came the sound of gravel crunching under the weight of large, firm feet. Now, though cats are not supposed to reason, Timothy knew very well that this particular hour of the afternoon was tea-time when all the family, guests, and servants would be busy inside the house. So, with a wicked gleam in his large, green eyes, he rose, balanced himself upon the narrow branch, arched his back, and hoisted his tail to a vertical position.

"Help! Help!" A cry of anguish was forced from a tall, debonair young man. He lost his balance and toppled to the ground as a twenty-five-pound sandbag armed with diabolical steel claws smote him upon his unprotected head. The Honorable Timothy had arrived!

"Help! Aunt Anne! Celeste! Help!" He raised both hands to his head. A yielding softness met his touch.

"O-o-o-w!" Whatever it was, he thought wildly, it could scratch! There was a tiny trickle of blood in his eye.

"Carstairs! Celeste! Help!" At that instant the front door burst open and a crowd of rescuers surged forth.

"Oh, Aunt Anne! It's that wretched Timothy," shrieked an indignant feminine voice. "Scat, you brute!"



The Latest Fashion in Detectives

With that, the mysterious assailant bounded from the grasp of the bewildered and bloody young man and disappeared with a triumphant flit of his tail around a corner of the house.

"Good grief! It's old Robin!"

"So it is."

"Robin Dunforth! What are you doing here like this?"

"Oh, his poor head!"

"I say, Robin," a juvenile voice accosted the dazed Robin, "how did you happen to tangle with Timothy?"

"Timothy?" He gazed blankly at the speaker. "Who's that?"

"Aw, let Celeste tell you. She's so crazy about him."

"Celeste will do nothing of the sort," said that young woman. "Robin, you're coming along with me to let me doctor those terrible scratches. Ugh-h-h! That Timothy! The rest of you might do something besides ask senseless questions," and she grasped Robin by the arm and headed for the house.

Sometime later when the semblance of peace had been restored, Robin told his tale to the clinking of tea cups.

(Continued on page 32) 6



EDWARD EPLER

COURAGE OUTWITS DEATH

TOM ROLLINS, a young airplane mechanic, lived in a small Nevada mining town. His one ambition was to make a new record in flying. The small plane of which he was the proud possessor, he had named Old Faithful for she never failed him when he needed her. He took great pride in going over his "baby" thoroughly. At first he had called the plane Silver Bird because of her silver color, but he had presently discarded this for Old Faithful as more nearly typifying the steady, dependable way in which she served him. One could hardly blame him, for the little plane was truly faithful.

Then one night after Tom had carefully locked Old Faithful in the dilapidated shed which served as a hangar for the plane, he went to bed, noticing as he prepared for sleep that a storm was coming up.

About midnight he was partially aroused by a persistent knocking on his bedroom door. "What is it?" he sleepily called. The only reply was a frantic continuation. Fully awake now, Tom sprang out of bed and into a worn dressing gown, and then opened the door. There stood his landlady and a squalid foreign woman who lived with her husband and son in a rotting old house on the outskirts of town.

7 The greasy-looking woman tearfully explained

OLD FAITHFUL

By VIRGINIA VOLZ

that her husband had left a small phial of poison on the table, intending it for himself, but that their little son had swallowed some of it. She had come to beg Tom that he go to the nearest town, which was a hundred and fifty miles away, and bring a doctor. The only doctor in their little town had been called away on a case which he could not leave.

Tom gave one glance at the woman's pleading face and another at the storm brewing outside. Then he nodded. "All right," he said, and began pulling on socks and heavy shoes, amid the tearfully guttural thanks of the foreign woman. Dressed and ready, he went down to the shed where Old Faithful reposed. He took down two dusty parachutes, strapped one on himself, and placed the other in the plane. As he took off, he shook his head dubiously at the ominous thunder. However, everything went well on the way.

Tom and the doctor were soon ensconced in the snug little plane, prepared to do battle with the heavens. Meanwhile the storm had grown more fierce and the plane less steady as she met the rush of air currents. Finally, Tom was forced to make a landing, but it was so near their destination that the doctor was able to arrive on time.

Tom, after seeing the woman clasp her darling in her arms, went out in the graying dawn to his darling, Old Faithful. He paused, gazing wistfully upon the battered wings. "You have certainly served me well, old Pal; and even though we didn't break any records, we saved a life, and that's worth something." Just then the doctor came across the field.

"I want to be the first to congratulate you on your courage, my boy. Say, your plane's pretty well damaged, isn't it?" the doctor very good-naturedly asked.

"Yes, she's pretty much battered up," admitted the boy.

The doctor, as he walked away, wondered if he had really seen tears in the boy's eyes. He turned and hesitated with friendly concern. "What's the matter, boy?" he asked kindly.

"Oh, uh, er, nothing. Must be the cold," Tom replied as he gazed regretfully at his beloved plane.

"Old Faithful to the last," he muttered and walked away.

TO WHOM IT BEING UNSPARINGLY OUR

TO THOSE

who now might be interested, concerned, or otherwise afflicted, this information is directed: that we, the class of 1933, in individual and distinct parts, preparing to pass out of this sphere of education in five months, in full possession of crammed minds, well trained in memory and almost superhuman understanding, do make, publish, and declare this to be jointly, as well as severally, our last will and testament, hereby revoking and making void all former wills or promises by us at any time heretofore made, or mayhap, carelessly spoken, one to the other, as the thoughtless wish of an idle hour. Be it known that we severally bequeath the following to be disposed of, either burned or junked, perhaps, as follows:

To Mr. Morgan, our esteemed principal, sincere thanks for steering our class ship safely into port.

To the faculty, with due respect, our thanks for the D's we did not receive.

To the freshmen, the bell in the Arsenal tower.

To the sophomores, space in front of the lunch room.

To the juniors, or future seniors, the Arsenal steps and the walks in front.

Jerry Holman, to each and everyone of you, the franchise to use his patented remark of disgust—"sour grapes."

James Collins, to any and all freshmen, his power to conjugate Spanish verbs in the wrong tense.

Marjorie Mason, to the girls, the right to adopt her magnetic grand-lady smile.

Claramae Callaway, to any bright-eyed junior, the big white buttons on her coat.

Isabel Sommer, to be polite and conforming, a fond farewell to all the boys in her Physics I class.

Don Breedlove, his pencil-written essays, to more fortunate English classes where they are accepted.

Dorothy Checzum, an emergency fund of one hundred field goals, to girls taking gym.

Doris Brady, a snappy tap dance, to May Winkler.

Margaret Breitenbach, her ear-rings, to Rosemary Damaree.

Ethel Cook, her excess giggles, to a down-hearted freshie.

Asa Bines, his privilege of acting the jester, to anyone who can do the same with immunity.

Ruth Bubeck, her secretarial position, to the next best red haired stenographer.

Mary Frances Chester, her history book, to Mildred Bond and other idolizers of George Washington and Napoleon.

Mary Burk, a studious concentration as a short cut to success, to the freshie who makes poor grades.

Ralph Terrell, his orange ties, to any aspiring Rhinie who may consider his appearance enhanced thereby.

William Fox, a high B flat in "Moonlight Sonata," to any trumpet player who can play it.

Robert Slaughter, his conservational material, to anyone who can use it.

Louise Mitchell, her fiddle, to the person who can keep it from squeaking.

Clifford Hewitt, the pencil behind his ear, to an earless student.

Don Money, his yell-leader's jersey, to any other contortionist.

William Szatkowski, his name, to all who can pronounce it.

Richard Hittle, a solution of the X's, Y's, and Z's of life, to the confused in mind.

Frank Nauta, some sharp commands, to the rookies—notice—not without a military flourish.

George Templin, his black curly hair, to one of his many lady friends.

Martha Hofmeister, her paintings and sketches, to brighten a dull world.

Madeline Bock, her hair, to the discouraged users of curling irons.

Dorothy Morris, her make-up kit, to the owners of apple faces.

Thelma Brown, her secret of catching the boys' eyes in study, to those less skilled.

Mary Ellen Clark, her fair complexion, to one not so lucky.

Ruth Hinchman, her blond hair, to those worshippers in the dark.

Dorothy Meyer's freckles that are fastly going, to a new freshie.

Evelyn Miller, her flashing eyes and the gum that will never be quiet, to a beginner in American history.

MAY CONCERN

LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

Jasemine Bush, to all despairing roll room teachers in need of an assistant, dependability, an unfailing tact, and a sense of humor.

Ivan Brother, to some newly made second lieutenant, a swaggering step.

John Sullivan, to some person in the junk business, what will be left of his Ford in June.

Russell Fleming, his glowing locks, to some timid, unnoticed junior. He will guarantee immediate attention.

Abie Bortz, his shock of red hair, to anyone daring to wear it.

James Merriman, his smile and dimple, to a serious-minded freshman.

Frank Bridges, his military stride, to undisciplined soldiers.

Henry Bruder, some snappy interference and a one-hundred-fifty-yard shot-put, to athletic aspirants.

John Flick, his A pluses, to freshies in need.

Leonard Gasaway, his smiles and snow-white collars, to worried and sweating Latin students.

Hollister Gahan, his patriotic green, to friends for further uplift of the school's morale.

Joan McDermed, an eyelash flutter and a smile, to Marian Welmer.

John Pollard and Eddie Wischmeier, their graceful dancing, to John Townsend—appreciation unnecessary.

Howard Chandler, a shyness, to the campus rowdies.

Walter Terry, to some envious rookie, a half dozen stripes.

Joe Sims, his position in Concert Band, to anyone who can fill it.

Phyllis Smith, one look into her brown eyes, to an industrious junior.

Mary Carr, her beauty hints, to social aspirants.

Betty Burkle, experience as wardrobe mistress for the Girls' Glee Club, to any one in need.

Dorothy Hinchman, a sure aim with a paper wad—consequences not guaranteed, to a mischievous sophomore.

Joe Flajs, his history lessons, to be studied by someone else.

Marjorie Byrum, a lyric soprano voice, to another accommodating entertainer.

Helen Marie Brown, a vacancy in Mrs. Cochran's office-messenger list, to be filled by another Glee Club girl.

Dale Smith, his Vergil, together with a copy of those trying translations, to Gervais Fais.

Irene Coonfield, her position as Miss Thuemler's stenographer, to the most capable girl.

Mary Tillman and Josephine Foederer, those masters of the Latin language, their answers to test questions to struggling sophomores.

Merle Smith, his typewriter (the fastest of them all), to an aspiring typing student.

George Briggs, his broad shoulders, to some future football candidate.

Glen Hoffert, his saxophone, to someone who desires instant popularity.

Clifford Campbell, one good hundred-yard sprint, to Coach Myers, to be used only in a pinch.

Cecil Foster, his mania for puzzle-solving, to anyone with spare time.

Earl Spaulding, to Ting Van Cline, a well polished seat on the football bench.

Wallace Steele, his faithful horn and a toot-toot, to a freshie.

Charlotte Tacoma, her big, social smile, to all who feel glum.

Harry Tennant, his red sweater, in exchange for another.

Ruth Timmons, her English compositions, to lighten another's load.

Martha Traut, her excellent grades, to one who despairs of honor.

Tove Thielst, the cube root of a shopping trip, to someone who is repeating geometry for the third time.

Elizabeth Thompson, her sober look, to a "Giggling Girlie."

Earl Teare, various tried recipes, to pupils of hearty appetites.

Bob Thomas, his big brass horn, to all piccolo players.

Kenneth Somers, to Thurman Danner, one one-hundred-yard dash down the field.

Now, having drawn up our will duly in accordance to law we, the will-makers of the 1933 class, do affirm and affix our signatures in the presence of witnesses, and with the consent of the class confer upon the seniors of 1934 honor of executing this legal document.

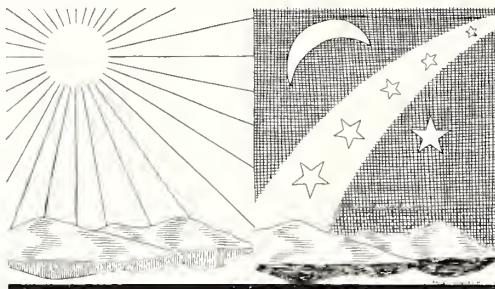
NATURE LORE

SONGS OF FANCY

HILLS I WOULD REMEMBER

Hills, I would remember how you lie
Upturned, undaunted to the sky,
How silently you wear the beauty of the year,
White, green, pale-gold, and brown;
How near to earth you are—and yet
How near you touch a distant star,
I would remember how your beauty lies in simple things,
Earth-born stars, the daisies, bright Susans, frail roses
Caught in berry blooms and tall, grey grass.
The sun rises from your height,
The moon walks down your slope.
Hills, I would remember how you lie
Close to earth and touching sky.

KATHRINE ROSS.



TRIOLET

It is not well to love a dream so much,
So soon it vanishes to truant air;
A dream is made of gossamer and such:
A fabric frail, too fragile far to clutch,
A vagrant bubble never meant to touch,
Too sweet to last, too wonderful, too fair—
It is not well to love a dream so much,
So soon it vanishes to truant air.

EVE STANTON.

I envy every flower that blows
Beside the pathway where she goes,
And every bird that sings
And every breeze that brings
The fragrance of the rose.

ROBERT RESINER.

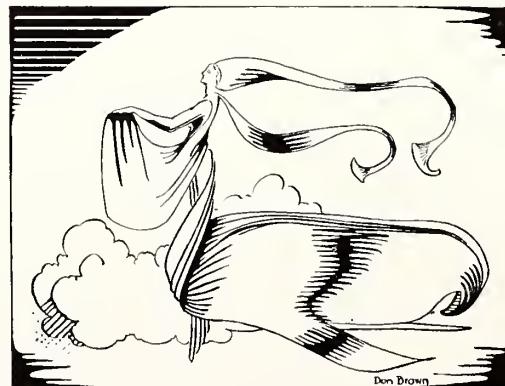
ENVY

KING WINTER

King Winter holds the throne once more,
Sweet summertime has fled;
We hear again the wild wind roar
Above the leaves so dead.

The king in bondage holds the stream,
In prison holds the flowers;
The world, a fairyland doth seem,
All filled with pure white bowers.

EDITH EDMONDS.



HER TECH JOURNEY

AMY WINS HER LAURELS

By FRANCES McCALLIAN

AMY LAVONNE STOOD before her mirror with a serious expression which despite its soberness was very childish. "And I'm really going to high school," she half-whispered. "I've anticipated it for a year, and now, somehow, I wish I weren't a freshman."

Her father's cheerful voice broke in upon her reverie like the boom of a gun: "Are you ready, Amy? O, come now, child, it isn't so bad as all that," he protested, catching sight of his daughter's expression. "After all, you know, it isn't as if you were the first Tech freshman that ever entered the grounds."

"I know, Father," but Amy's eyes were very thoughtful as she slowly followed her father to the waiting automobile. It was a cold January day, and the campus was piled high with snow-drifts. When her father left her at the school gate, Amy trudged through the drifts, feeling very insignificant, indeed. Later, she left Tech with but one fact fixed firmly in mind—she had a great deal to learn. She was not a girl to be easily discouraged, but that night she passionately declared in the presence of her family that she "never could learn to do everything at Tech, and those seniors looked so dignified and educated that they frightened her to death." Her family's response to this remark was a hearty laugh. Determined to do or die in this high school career, Amy started out with a resolution that was almost alarming and would have greatly amused her elders had they known. But they didn't! To her surprise the first few days were exceedingly pleasant, and before she realized it a month had passed.

Interesting events occurred one after another, it seemed. Amy took an active part in all the worthwhile activities of the school. She proved herself to be an exceptional student and, of course, met numerous opportunities.

And thus three years rolled by and finally came that year of all years, her senior year, which was the finest and best of all. In the senior activities Amy had a goodly share; a grand climax to a four years' career.

On graduation night, Amy stood again before her mirror. Had she been inspecting her face, she would have noticed a decided change. Unfortunately her mind was occupied with other details. The casual observer would have noticed that her expression was that of any happy-hearted girl of seventeen on her graduation night, but a close observer would have detected an expression denoting a fineness of character that was the result of four years of

constant, happy school-life, filled to the brim with high idealistic events and companionship.

That last night of Amy's Tech life, she was "supremely happy." Her little sister, now preparing to become a Tech freshman, inquired of her eagerly, "O, Amy, weren't you frightened during the program?"

"Why, no, Betty," returned Amy slowly. "It was just a wonderful experience. I've enjoyed these four years so much that I wish they might never have ended. I've received an education and background in this school which has not only given me a happy, profitable four years, but a lasting foundation and influence for the years that lie ahead."

IN THE HEART OF A BOY

BY BARBARA DYAR

Back at the beginning of his life Jimmy Dugan had started that ceaseless refrain, "I wanta dog!" Heaven and earth would collapse, stars shoot through space, sun and moon become one if that wonderful dream should be fulfilled, and he should have—a DOG.

Many the bitter debates he had had with his family on this subject, but always he had retreated from the assault of adult reasoning. It was the one fly in the ointment of Jimmy's otherwise perfect existence.

Now on his birthday, after sending countless petitions to God in his evening prayers, after days of pleading with his father—now, on his eighth birthday, there was no dog to call his own!

Catching his underlip between his teeth to prevent it from trembling (for wasn't he a man of eight now?) Jimmy turned away from the new red wagon.

"Jimmy, don't you like your wagon?" queried his anxious mother.

"It's all right." (What good was a wagon without a dog to ride with him?)

"And your baseball bat?" His father held it out to him.

"Sure, but—"

"Your books, don't you like them, Sonny?"

"Oh, Mom, don't you—can't you understand—I want a—" Jimmy blinked very fast to keep back the tears.

At that moment, Lizzie, the colored cook, stuck her head through the library door.

"Scuse me, but I's got a present for Jim, too."

She shuffled into the room bearing in her ample arms a ball of animated fur.

(Continued on page 24)

TUNING IN YOUR PERSONAL FUTURE

THE LAMP CAST

a silver pool of light upon my easy chair and upon the arabesque pattern of the rug at my feet. Settling myself in a comfortable position, I opened the evening paper, my eyes scanning the headlines. Suddenly out of the mass of black print a headline seemed to leap at me: "College President to Address Former Classmates—President Glen Baker of the University of Greater Indianapolis will speak at the ten-year reunion banquet of the class of 1933 of the Arsenal Technical Schools."

THE CLASS OF 1933!

My class! I had heard of no reunion. This certainly was a surprise!

I reached over and turned on the radio, adjusting the dials until the room was filled with the haunting strains of the "Humoresque." How pleasant it was to sit there and dream about those school days!

Suddenly the strains of the orchestra died away, and a voice took its place.

"Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen of the Radio Audience. This is Station A. T. S., broadcasting from the beautiful dining-room of the luxurious new Stuart Student Center Building on the Arsenal Technical Schools' campus at Indianapolis, Indiana, on the occasion of the ten-year reunion banquet of the class of 1933."

Surely I must be dreaming! Eagerly I leaned forward to catch every word.

The voice of the announcer continued:

"How fitting it is that this beautiful building should have been designed by a member of the class of 1933; I refer to that famous architect, Jack Cronin.

"Coming through the door are two of the best known actresses of the day, the Misses Elizabeth McCoy and Virginia Maier. Their latest play, 'Touchdown,' in which Miss McCoy is the football hero—but visit our handsome new Round Theater, now owned and operated by Albert Pugh and Roam Jordan, and see this remarkable play for yourselves.

"Norman Homeier and Willis Hostetter are just seating themselves at the speakers' table. At the Municipal Airport they have recently completed a new radio controlled rocket which has the distinction of having made the first successful trip to the moon. Watch their rockets!

"All eyes have suddenly turned toward a superbly gowned woman who is shaking hands with Miss Mary Jane Barnett, dean of girls. Ah, I see now; it is Miss Esther Roth who owns and operates an exclusive women's Frock and Beauty Shoppe.

"And there is the greatest track coach in the United States, Robert E. Lee.

"I must not forget to call your attention to the fact that this attractive banquet room was furnished by Jack Larman, who owns one of the most up-to-the-minute furniture stores in the country. Mr. Larman is sponsoring this broadcast. He attributes much of his phenomenal business success to the outstanding advertising campaigns conducted by the capable Miss Margaret Loudon.

"Conversing with the director of the high school orchestra, Miss Marie Schindewolf, is Mr. Carl Kenner, who has risen from the rank of filling station attendant to that of general manager of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana.

"THERE SEEMS TO BE

considerable commotion down near the main entrance. I see now that Miss Pearl Abbit, candidate for mayor of Indianapolis on the Citizens' Progressive Ticket, and her campaign manager, Robert Crouch, have just arrived. Accompanying them are the Misses Clara McCloskey and Mary Lucas, internationally famous detectives. They are greeting the Misses Thelma Pugh and Carolyn Paine, executives of the P. and P. department store, and jovially referred to as the 'Mutt and Jeff' of the business world.

"Well, well, and here's our national golf champion, Miss Fannie Atkinson.

"Over in the farther corner I see one of the speakers of the evening carefully reviewing his notes. It is Judge Lewis Vogler, a power for good in our city. His pet theory is to keep young boys out of mischief by teaching them to fish. Walter Loman, Chief of Police, has just stepped over to greet Judge Vogler.

"Tony Petric, world golf champion, is waving his hand to William Belcher, known as 'Big Bill' in the law racket. With Big Bill are his law partner, Frank Anderson, and his attractive secretary, Miss Ruth Bandy.

"Here come John Armenoff and Robert Lamb. These young gentlemen are expert engineers, having recently perfected a most successful pocket radio.

"Shaking hands with Jerome McElbany, the renowned criminal attorney, is Warren Baldwin, inventor and perfector of the Razzle Dazzle radio-controlled airplane, in which Steve Aslos made that daring non-stop flight around the world.

"Charles Taylor, millionaire commission man, and Victor McKinney, one of the world's great captains of industry, are greeting old friends.

ON TOMORROW

IN COSMIC WAVES

"WHO IS THAT YOUNG WOMAN with the roll of music under her arm, standing near the piano? Ah, yes, it's Miss Marjorie McComb, grand opera star.

"Speaking to Professor Lenora Longerich, head coach of the championship Tech soccer team, is Miss Rosemary Byrket, editor of that dynamic new daily paper, *The Indianapolis Booster*. Near her stand her business manager, Miss Nancy Newland, and her private secretary, Miss Clara Lohman.

"Robert Imhoff, revolutionizer of the movies through his new Technicolor, is leaning against one of the artistically decorated pillars. Near him is James Laney, district superintendent of the Indianapolis Sanitary Department, who boasts of the slogan, 'Not a drop of grease wasted between your scrap pail and your soap.'

"I am informed that Miss Tina Jackson, noted missionary to Africa, will be here this evening. As yet, I do not see her among the guests, though I do see Miss Eva Hunt, who so capably managed the presidential campaign.

"A young man with a grave mathematical look, Albert Hughes, seems to be engrossed in deep thought as he stands apart from the crowd with his eyes focused on the ceiling. Doubtless he is formulating another difficult problem for his next mathematics text-book.

"Hastening to find their places before the banquet begins are James Neale and William A. Brown, owners and successful operators of a large chain of drug stores.

"Six prominent young society matrons, better known to our Tech audience by their maiden names, Alice Bell, Carol Geisler, Jeanette Garrett, Marian McLain, Othella Foster, and Dorothy Fagin, are engaged in animated conversation with Miss Lois Henderson, bridge wizard, whose new book, 'How to Bring Home the Top Prize,' has caused a real sensation in card circles.

"The ladies are applauding a young gentleman who is just entering. It is John Pollard, the great crooner. Close behind Mr. Pollard comes Nolen McCrea, the big-game hunter, who has traveled thousands of miles through African veldt, risking his life on countless occasions. He admits, however, that the nearest he has ever come to death was in an attempt to cross the street at Meridian and Washington.

"And here is that second Houdini, George Katzenberger. George boasts that he is able to escape from everything except bill collectors and subpoena servers.

"The brilliant Dr. Doris Kasting, who has just received her Ph. D. degree for valuable research work done on that vital question, 'Why does a road run both ways?' is among the guests. She is talking to Francis McCalley, the famous gem collector, who is possessor of every known rare gem with the exception of 'Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.' Dr. Jean McNanny, widely known surgeon, has just joined the group.

"The room has suddenly filled with delicious odors of tempting foods. I am told that the head chef in charge of this banquet is the popular and world famous Elbert Poarch, aided by his equally capable assistants: Roy Pope, Miss Eva Mae Ashcroft, and Miss Crystal Schuman. Their book of tested recipes is said to have netted them all a neat fortune.

"The leading photographers of the city, James Wyn, Russell Hollenbeck, and Albert Foullois, are busy making preparations to 'shoot' the crowd.

"Vernon Denker, renowned civil engineer, who with the aid of the equally famous Albert McCollum, has just completed an 'under-the-sea' village, that modern wonder of the age, is laughing and shaking his head at the photographers.

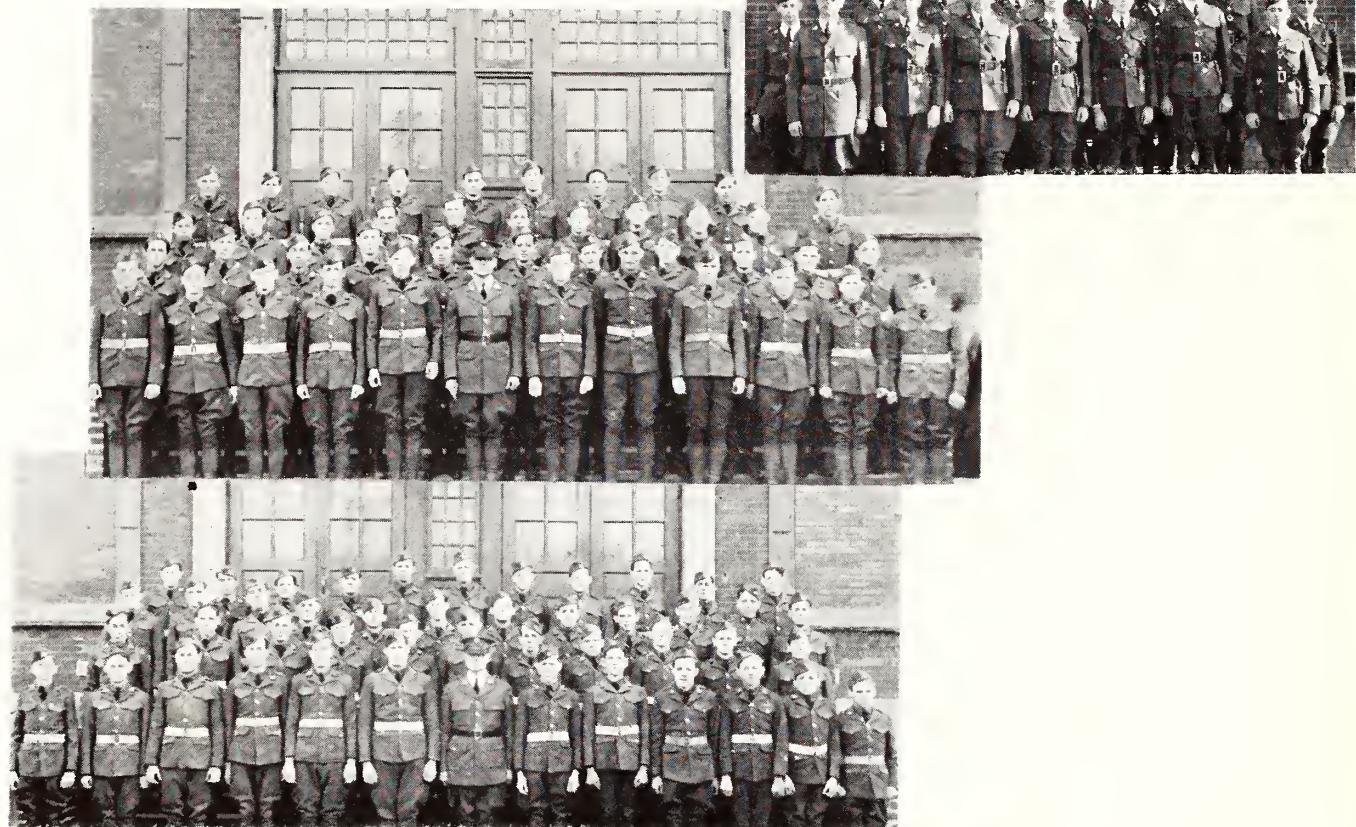
"Since my time is drawing to a close, I can but mention a few of the other notables present: The famous harmony team—the Misses Millicent Cummings and Anne Abrams; Guy Lumbago of the Royal Geraniums; Miss Lois Johnson, head of the 'Keep-Your-Husband Cooking School'; Miss Mariemma Gorman, the historian; Orvin Moore, the explorer; Dr. Clifford Watson, fingerprint expert; Miss Mary Frances Ogden, publisher; Gordon Young, submarine captain; Ralph Simpson, poet; Jack Gunnell, artist; Miss Thelma Greenwood, movie actress and niece of Charlotte Greenwood; McCord Oglesby, professional laughter for A. T. S. broadcasting station; James Silknitter, head of the Run Better Hosiery Mills; and Robert Hickman, president of the Presidential Board of Indiana Presidents.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, let us enjoy the dinner music."

THE VOICE OF THE ANNOUNCER
ceased, but the expected music did not come. Instead, I felt myself being rudely shaken.

"Wake up!" commanded my father. "You have been asleep ever since you sat down here with the paper."

I rubbed my eyes and sat up. So it was only a dream! I wonder—Do dreams come true?



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

First Row: Sergeant Chester A. Pruett, instructor; Cadet-Colonel Baxter; Lieutenant-Colonel Manning; Majors Ireland and McMillan; Captains W. Reed and Raber.

Second Row: Captains Buschmann, C. Reed, Erler, Bates, Grepp, Walker, and Wilson; First Lieutenant McLaughlin.

Third Row: First Lieutenant Steele; Second Lieutenant Shields; First Lieutenants Brockman and Breedlove; Second Lieutenant Hume.

Fourth Row: First Lieutenant Messmer; Second Lieutenants Kendrick, Twineham, White, and McTurnan.

Fifth Row: Second Lieutenants Hickman, Goory, Duncan, Koelling, and Whitenack.

Top Row: Second Lieutenants Smith, Watson, W. Jones, Bortz, Barnett, Hesterberg.

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R. O. T. C.

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Third Row: Boyd, Hall, Guthrie, Moore, Thoman, Logan, Griswold, Imel, Tennent, Irwin, R. Schneider.

Top Row: Russell, Shurman, Kellam, Columns, Hartsock, G. Schneider, Bowman, McColley, Williams.

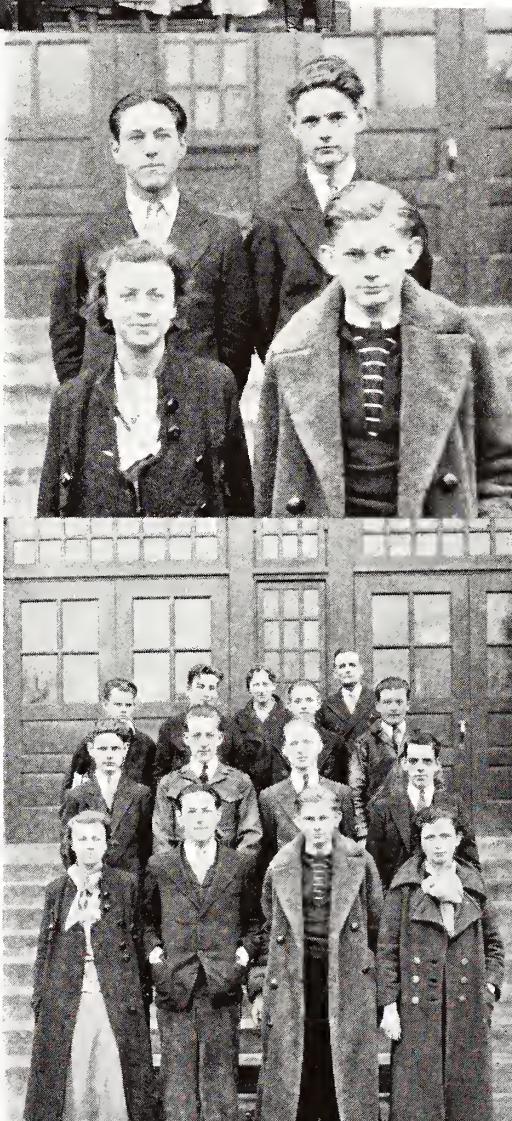
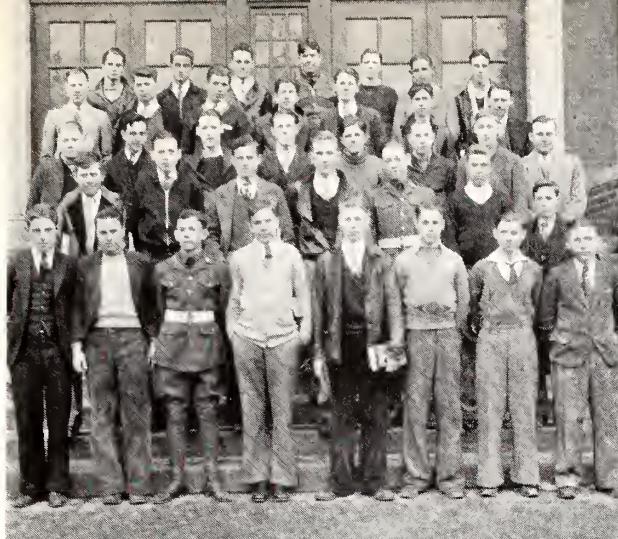
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First Row: Hyser, Lee, Edwards, Miller, Lammert, Dillon, Sergeant Pruett, Culley, Jennings, Apple, Ferrell, Glass, Charnstrom.

Second Row: Merriman, Wilkerson, Miley, Pigg, Sullivan, McCreary, Miller, Hawes, Douglas, Mottsinger, Duckum.

Third Row: Warner, Taylor, Berger, Bruce, Scott, Klifgen, Dye.

Top Row: Hanson, Brothers, Hayes, Oakley, Knight, Pallikan, Morris, Spaulding, Turner, Britton, Stockwell.



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PHOTOGRAPHS

First Group.....	Print Shop Boys
Second Group.....	Arsenal Cannon Staffs
Third Group.....	Magazine Art Editors
Fourth Group.....	Magazine Artists

FLASHES

GIRLS ARE LIKE THAT

AH, YOU YOUNG MAN

of the world, for such, it has been said, you call yourself, I know why you smile and beam; why your eyes take on the look of "Paradise Regained." She flattered you, didn't she? She lifted her baby blue eyes to yours in that trustful worshiping expression, didn't she? She shyly laid her tiny hand on your big strong arm, didn't she? Alas, but girls are that way!

Were you too engrossed in that dainty little curl escaping from under that cocky beret to notice how she failed to recognize her "girl friend" as you walked along together? I hope at least you didn't think her "just too sweet" when she slipped her arm about a befreckled, plainly dressed, younger girl. Naturally you were annoyed; but after all, can't you realize how a white figure is much more effective against a black background or how a diamond twinkles twice as brightly against a plain setting? Of course you appreciated your girl more, but don't think she didn't take that fact into consideration. Surely you couldn't have missed that "look-I'm-walking-with-a-boy" expression in her eyes of pride and disdain for the common herd of girls who were forced to walk with other girls. I don't suppose it was necessary for her to lead you by the crowded Arsenal steps on the faint pretext of having to visit her locker; but, my dear young man, you don't suppose that a conquest of the masculine heart is the culmination of feminine hopes and aspirations. Quite to the contrary—it would be maddening to her not to be able to create pangs of envy or at least evidences of deep interest in her acquaintances by parading you in front of them. Are you shocked? But girls are that way!

If you had not been so entranced with watching her delicious pout, put there by some unfortunate break of yours, change into a more delicious little smile, you might have heard the comments of the feline—beg pardon, I mean feminine—brigade by whom you have just been reviewed.

"Stuck up! Did you see how she passed us with her nose in the air—just because she was walking with a boy!"

"I think it's simply disgraceful the way she chases after him. Doesn't it make you sick to see her making those 'cow-eyes' at him?"

"If that dress of hers were any tighter, it would burst out in the seams. Just imagine a dress like that for school—I saw a hat exactly like hers for fifty-nine cents in the basement of a downtown store."

Your "big moment" wouldn't indulge in "catticisms" like that? You're wrong; all girls are like that!

How jealous she was when you grinned that monopolized (at least, she thought it was monopolized) grin of yours at "that fat red-head with the greasy eyelids!" She was ready to bite your unfortunate head off when you mentioned that the same Titian head was a "cute kid." Alas, my boy, do not let yourself be unduly filled with self-importance because of this jealousy. Did you ever know a woman who will let go of anything she has acquired? No, she has you, and she couldn't let you go—especially after she has paraded you before the Arsenal reviewing stand for all the world-which-counts to see. Yes—she likes you—she might even persuade herself that you are the strongest, best, handsomest, wittiest—and all other superlatives *ad infinitum*. It's just the age-old truth that a girl can't get along without a man—whether it be the "boy friend," a screen idol, an athletic hero, a teacher, or a relative—but you happened to be the logical one. You were nearby, and you seemed to take some interest in her golden hair and sweet voice. Yes, girls are that way.

I could go on forever. I could tell the strategy of one girl for stealing another's "boy friend." I could tell of the general two-facedness of the female sex. I could tell you—You haven't time to listen! Why, I believe that yellow-haired fluff has roped you in!

Girls are like that!!

BETTY STILZ.

A CROWDED STREET CAR

"MICHIGAN STREET! Michigan Street!"

"Yes, he lost his job and you know there are eight in the family. This depression—"

"Why, hello! Where have you been recently? I haven't seen you in ages. You really—"

"Move up, move up front! Will the line move up some, please? Transfer? Capitol Avenue?"

"—just simply can't stand that brand of sausages. Now, I always use—"

"—And, Mary Florence, after dragging everything off the shelf, that impossible woman said, 'I was just looking!' Can you feature—"

"—Jemima! Did I have a good time? I most certainly did. Oh, no, we went to Log

(Continued on page 33)

OF FACT KEEPING HOUSE

WHY A BOY should be made to keep house has always been one of the great mysteries of my life. But things happen for no other reason than to make mysteries. It was my fate to become a housekeeper.

I looked upon housekeeping as a small boy looks upon a ten-syllabled word. What was it all about?

However, it came in this way. Because of a death in the family I was forced to keep house for my father and my younger brother. I knew very little of this occupation; and, as I had no time to study for it, I decided to learn as I went along.

My first assignment was getting the meals. I knew two things about cooking, that was the knowledge of frying eggs and boiling water. Consequently, I made out my menu as follows:

BREAKFAST

Fried Eggs

DINNER

Fried Eggs

SUPPER

Fried Eggs

This menu was all right for the first two days. But on the dawn of the third day I was informed in a very impressive manner that if I fried another egg in the next ten years, I would be sued for damages, accused of murder, and be hanged on the spot after I had been tarred and feathered. I very quickly came to the conclusion that I had better not fry any more eggs.

I was the most despondent person in the world. What could I do? All at once, as if a hammer had struck me on the head, a thought struck me. I must admit I was amazed at myself for inventing such an idea. Why not look for help in a cook book?

I immediately procured a cook book, only to find that my troubles were not over. Finally, with a cook book, a dictionary, burnt food, and a confusion of ideas, I found that I could cook something in addition to frying eggs and boiling water.

Alas! Alas! I soon discovered that in housekeeping there was no peace. My next big problem was wash-day. By the way, if any of you happens to know the person who invented wash-day, send him to me, as I have an account to settle with him. My first lesson in washing taught me that some clothes fade, for one week

my washing would be blue and the next week, red.

I have been keeping house for the last two years, although I hope to graduate from it some day. But I find it takes more credits to graduate from housekeeping than it does to graduate from high school.

HAROLD CALBERT.

MY BOOKS

I HAVE LIVED

a thousand lives. I have traveled in countries all over the world—in France, Spain, Mexico, and Alaska. I have flown above the clouds and explored the depths of the oceans. I have waged wars, and I have been a famous statesman and swayed hundreds by my eloquence. My book adventures are not dead; they have been filled with life, romance, tragedy, and adventure.

There are so many characters of whom I never grow tired. They become a part of me; I thrill at their happiness or weep at their grief. A few years ago I was the Beth or Jo of "Little Women," or perhaps Mrs. Wiggs with the trials and joys of the Cabbage Patch. I laughed at the strange things of Wonderland with Alice. Now I wander in the lands of "Gulliver's Travels," or I climb Fujiyama and swim the Hellespont with Richard Halliburton. I am filled with pride at the courage with which I fight the awful hardships of the West as Abbie Deal. I am bowed down with the burden of slavery and the Civil War in "Forever Free." I am completely happy in a "Haunted Bookshop." I tremble at the mysteries of the desert with "Lawrence in Arabia." How simple it is to go from America to the Orient within the covers of a book.

I have often thought that when I enter the realms of the great unknown to make my fortune, I would do it by way of a bookstore. It will not be just an ordinary "bookstore." It will be a cozy, pleasant place with shaded lights and deep, soft chairs in snug little alcoves. Around the walls will be rows and rows of fine books with the brightest of covers. There will be a warm, cheerful fire, and there will be pictures on the walls. I will not bother my customers with useless questions; I will let them browse among my books to their heart's content while I, too, prowl along the by-ways of other lands.

GRACE FAIRCHILD.

CAMERA STUDIES



GIRL RESERVES

GIRLS' CONCERT CLUB
CONCERT ORCHESTRA

CAMP FIRE GIRLS

SPANISH CLUB

OF TECH GROUPS



STRATFORD LITERARY CLUB

FRENCH CLUB

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

DEMAGORIANS

FROM THE TWENTIETH



COURT OF HONOR
ART EXHIBIT
CHEMISTRY

ANNIVERSARY EXPOSITION



A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW
R. O. T. C. AND LIBRARY
PHYSIOGRAPHY AND ZOOLOGY

MORE CLUB POSES



LATIN CLUB

BOYS' GLEE CLUB
NATURE STUDY CLUB

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

BOYS' CONCERT CLUB

AMONG TECH'S POLITICIANS

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Vice-president.....	Betty Burcau
Secretary.....	Alberta Riffle
Scribe.....	Kathrine Ross

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Vice-president.....	Betty Stilz
Secretary.....	Lillian Casey
Sergeant-at-arms.....	Harold Cooper

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Custos.....	John Flick
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BIVINS HOUSE MYSTERY

SPEAKING OF GHOSTS AND THINGS

By RICHARD WEIS

"I'LL SEE YOU

after school in front of the Main building, Jim; I have something to tell you," gaily called Bob Brown to his chum, Jim Henderson.

"I'll be there sure," called Jim.

Jim Henderson and Bob Brown attended Alton High School and were inseparable pals.

At three o'clock sharp the boys met outside the Main building. Bob was bubbling over with enthusiasm as he exclaimed, "We can surely get some revenge on George for some of the tricks he has played on us."

"How?" asked Jim.

"Well, Grandfather was telling us last night about the mystery of that old deserted Bivins house at the south of town. Fifty years ago Cecelia Bivins committed suicide by stabbing herself there, and he said her ghost was supposed to reappear on the same night every year and reenact the scene.

"George is always bragging about how brave he is anyway, and we will ask him to go there with us and watch for the ghost. It is supposed to appear on the fifteenth, which will be next week. We will ask Jane Carr to help us out and pretend she is the ghost. She can ask her brother to take her out there before we get there, and wait for her, as I know she wouldn't go by herself. She can wrap up in a sheet and slowly walk out into the room and pretend to stab herself, just as the story goes. Then we surely will have a good laugh on George as I know he will be about dead of fright. And the next time he starts bragging about how brave he is, we can remind him of the ghost episode."

"That will be a good one on him," laughed Jim. "Of course we must bind Jane to secrecy."

At this point George walked up to where the two boys were standing, and they explained to him about the ghost suicide which was supposed to take place every year at the Bivins house. He thought it would be a thrilling experience to go out there and see if it would really happen.

The night of the fifteenth the three boys met at Bob's house and started down the road to the mystery house.

"Gee, I don't believe that old story," said George. "Do you?"

"Oh yes, I do," quickly answered Bob. "Grandfather said someone had seen the ghost years ago."

"Well, we will soon see if there is a ghost or not," put in Jim.

The three boys cautiously approached the mystery house. No one was in sight; and, as they walked up the lane leading to the porch, everything was deathly quiet. Just as they stepped on the porch an owl hooted in a nearby tree, and all three nearly fled in confusion. The moonlight was streaming in the uncurtained window as the boys noiselessly stepped into the room leading from the porch.

"This is the room," whispered Bob. "Let's hide back here behind the door."

The boys huddled behind the door and breathlessly waited. In a few minutes a white shrouded figure seemed to float to the center of the room. It suddenly raised its hand and plunged a dagger into its breast.

The boys waited no longer. They jumped up with enough noise to frighten anything away, not excepting ghosts, and fled. They didn't stop until they reached Bob's house.

"Gee, can you believe your own eyes?" panted Bob. "They don't need to tell me any longer that story is fake, when we saw her ourselves."

"Well, I think I have had enough for one night; I am going home to retire," said George.

"If I hadn't seen it myself, I wouldn't believe it. I won't go near that place at night again, that's sure," answered Jim.

"I'll see you boys in the morning," called George as he left them.

As soon as George got out of sight, Jim and Bob nearly convulsed themselves laughing.

"Did you see him run! The look on his face was killing. Oh yes, he is brave! Fearless George! He was still shaking when we got home," laughed Bob. "Well, we finally got it back at him, and we will remind him of his fearlessness often after we explain to him who the ghost was."

The boys parted, still laughing heartily.

The next morning Jim and Bob were very much surprised to receive a telegram reading:

"Unavoidably detained last night. Sorry could not carry out joke."

JANE.

IN THE HEART OF A BOY

(Continued from page 11)

Suddenly the sun came back again into Jimmy's world. As the black eyes of the old servant and the Irish-blue eyes of the boy met, each read deep into the soul of the other. To her who understood, Jimmy offered up all the gratitude of his boy's heart; but all he said was, "Gee, Lizzie, he's great."

CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

ATTICS CONJURE OLD SCENES

By LOIS STEVENS

I LOVE rainy days. Something about a rainy day causes me to feel at peace with the world. Perhaps it is the fact that on a rainy day, I often live over bygone times up in the attic, close to the gentle pit-a-patting of the raindrops. In the darkest corner stands an old, neglected trunk, waiting to be explored. I drag it from the dark recesses under the eaves.

As I throw back the lid, the first article which greets my gaze is the family album. What family does not have at least one album? If there is such a one, then the members of it have lacked one of the most delightful possessions obtainable, for an album guards memories; some good, some sad. The first picture in the book is of Grandmother—that dear old lady of yesteryear.

As I stare at her round, serene face, a picture rises to my mind. Green meadows roll off into the distance, a white road winds through the green fields, meanders along the bank of a flowing stream, and comes to a halt before a snug, white cottage with a red roof. A small flower garden in the background is the favorite haunt of Grandmother. I wend my way carefully through the many bushes which dot the lawn. Spying Grandmother digging industriously at her prized rose bushes, I shout a greeting. A few minutes later, I am following her into the clean, airy kitchen. Grandmother bustles over to the corner-cupboard, procures a plate of cookies which she sets before my delighted eyes—then to the cellar for the foaming white milk which always accompanies this repast. Tears dim my eyes as I think of those happy days spent with my dear grandmother. She is gone now, and those days are past forever.

Opposite Grandmother's photograph, I behold that of Grandfather. He has a shock of gray, unruly hair. Merry blue eyes twinkle up at me as if their owner and I share a secret. I always delighted in Grandfather's droll humor. Whenever I was in want of a companion, I visited the barn where Grandfather was usually to be found. I loved to go through the dim passageway back to the stall of Billie, the prized buggy-horse. Looking shyly up at Grandfather, I would beg, "Put me on Billie's back, Grandpa." Then up into the air I would sail to land safely on the sheeny black back of Billie. Looking down from my high perch a trifle nervously,

I usually saw Grandfather "beating a hasty retreat" to the door.

"I wanted to test your courage," he would explain with twinkling eyes. I also loved to accompany Grandfather at milking time. Sometimes I was permitted to experiment in the milking process, but most of the time I was content to watch the streams of milk trickling into the bucket. The last bucket filled, the cows were turned back to the pastures, and we hastened up to the house where Grandmother was preparing one of her incomparable meals. My favorite vacation spot was at the home of this dear old couple.

I turn through the album slowly, finally stopping at a picture of Max, the dog. He was always a small bundle of energy. His white body would be seen one minute dashing down the road; the next, trotting beside Grandfather as he performed his daily tasks. He was the last survivor of this happy household. One morning his still body was discovered lying beside the roadway where he had been knocked by a passing automobile. With his death, went the last living member of my grandparents' family.

Shutting the album with a sigh, I replace it in the old trunk. Delving through the latter's contents again, I draw forth a battered doll—Louise, by name. Sentiment forbids my destroying the childhood companion, entirely. Her silk dress is rotted and torn; so she must be handled carefully. Her china face is cracked; her once beautiful hair is matted. In truth, she is a woeful sight to behold. Regardless of this, I love her; she is the emblem of my youth. Her eyes are devoid of expression. In the old days, my imaginative mind read love and loyalty in the depths of her blue orbs. As I lay her away, I wonder, if she could speak, what would she say about her long exile from human companions.

The last article which I extract from the gloomy depths of the old trunk is a blue silk dress to which clings a musty odor of rotting fabrics. About twenty ruffles adorn this garment. I laugh as I remember the time this dress was my favorite possession, when I refused to be seated lest I disarrange the carefully ironed adornments. Will ruffles ever return to fashion? I wonder, as I replace the discarded dress.

With a tender sigh, I close the lid of the trunk and return it to its position under the eaves where it will wait for another rainy day.

AND HAVE YOU STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

Jimmy Quinn has words to spare
When it comes to talking, he'll be there.

Every single golfing mutt
Should watch our little Emma Putt.

Second-Lieutenant Walter Jones
Never makes any military bones.

Boom of gun and flash of saber!
Here come the army and Jimmie Raber.

Pat Fessler is Irish, his head's not thick
'Cause on the field he's certainly quick!

As a right end Jimmie Walker's a wow!
Can he play football? Oh, boy! And how!

Quintilla Morris is small in size
But, nevertheless, she is certainly wise.

If you're "stuck" in Math, go call
That brilliant mathematician, Edna Hall.

Lois Henderson is quite a girl;
At mathematics she's a whirl.

She has black hair which isn't even curly
But she's a sweet girl, that Josephine Turly.

Never such a salesman did I see
As that little girl, that Edith Overtree.

Dorothea Maple is like a tree,
For sturdy and strong and graceful is she.

Hazel Fisher is the Kate Smith of Tech;
We hope Kate's size she'll be able to check.

Helen Stoshitch, quite demure,
Good at art, you may be sure.

A peppy lad is Robert Sturm,
Some day he'll be head of a famous firm.

Some day we're sure that tall Ray Moyer
Will be an ardently pleading lawyer.

Dorothy Syerup's as sweet as her name;
Try her with waffles, you'll find her the same.



HEARD THAT

FOR YOUR EARS ALONE



Jack Hamaker is a tennis star;
He gave his opponents quite a jar.

Here comes President Tom Maguire
Whose slightest words are full of fire.

Come on, little Johnny Flick,
Collect the money and do it quick.

When William Fox makes the trumpet toot
He ought to be put in the institute.

Isn't it too bad that our Paul Bruner
Couldn't have been a radio crooner?

Now, Jane White types for fun.
Later she'll type for plenty of "mon."

Violet Porter likes to write
But never lets her commas fight.

Mary Ann Kullmer's a musician of the best,
That violin she plays with plenty of zest.

Kenneth Stratton draws cartoons
And is always there when the lady swoons.

August Shearer will be a printer,
To earn his living—summer and winter.

Wilburn Truan goes in for sports,
And specializes in keen retorts.

Robert Osborne bought a sombrero
When he went trav'ling in Mexico.

We all marvel at the ease
With which Jim Westover thrums the keys.

Barbara Kirkham shines in class,
A brilliant student and a pretty lass.

Pretty Lydia Jane Cordrey,
When a mouse comes round, she climbs a tree.

He who is Gil Easley's chum
Knows how he can beat the drum.

The baseball team is all the richer
To have Fred Winnefeld for its pitcher.



THE TORCH BEARERS

By GEORGE KELLY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MR. FREDERICK RITTER.....	Ernest Mallory
MR. HUXLEY HOSSFFROSSE.....	Don Money
MR. SPINDLER.....	Albert McCollum
MR. RALPH TWILLER.....	Ralph Simpson
TEDDY SPEARING.....	Tom Maguire
MR. WATSON, Stage Manager.....	Philip Ross
MRS. PAULA RITTER.....	Virginia Maier
MRS. J. DURO PAMPINELLI.....	Betty Jean Smith
MRS. NELLY FELL.....	Alice St. Helens
MISS FLORENCE MCCRICKETT.....	Barbara Wilson
MRS. CLARA SHEPPARD.....	Martha Maris
JENNY (house maid at Ritter's).....	Elizabeth McCoy
MINORS IN AUDIENCE, ACT II—	Jean Riddle, Marjorie Mason, Dorothy Meyers, Mary Tillman, Frank Nauta, Joseph Payne, James Raber, Bob White, Sam La Mar, James Westover, Robert Stettler, Charles Sage, McCord Oglesby.

COMMITTEES

COSTUMES—	Virginia Landgraf, chairman; Emma Putt, Virginia Strang, Marie Uehlein, James Wishmeier, Robert Parr.
MAKE-UP—	Dorothy Syrup, chairman; Ann Abrams, Harrietta Clossen, Henrietta Crooke, Ellsworth Handy, Ruth Rugh, Helen Stoshitch, Kenneth Stratman, Jean Welty, Barbara Youngling.
PROPERTIES—	James Merriman, chairman; Ruth Rugh, Elizabeth Unversaw, Frances Sandford, Richard O'Connell.
FINANCIAL—	Treasurers, Henry Bruder, John Flick, Alfred Kuert, Frank Nauta, Anthony Petric, Edward Wischmeier.

STAGE STAFF

DIRECTOR.....	Clara M. Ryan
STAGE.....	Chelsea Stewart
ELECTRICIAN.....	Herbert D. Traub
MUSIC.....	Frederic Barker, Raymond Oster

DRESS REHEARSAL TRIALS

"Oh, Jenny, didn't you know the curtain was up?" calls Miss Ryan as the maid fails to appear.

"Yes, but I was waiting for Mr. Ritter to take off his coat," wails Elizabeth McCoy.

Graceful as a faun, Spindler, the property man, bounds around cheerfully missing every cue.

Handsome, debonair, Huxley Hossefrosse raves in the general direction of Florence McCrickett, the vexed wife. Finally, the play within a play is over and Mrs. Pampinelli walks out to take her bow. But the curtain falls with a resounding bang and she is deprived of her glory. That is the closing scene of the act, but the actual curtain of the theater refuses to drop and the cast stands bewildered. Miss Ryan rushes on the stage, saying dramatically, "Consider the curtain dropped—audience!" Sure enough, it does drop—almost on her head.

Of course, the picture must be taken! Gorgeous flowers are brought out. "That looks like a funeral wreath," comments one.

This really is painful, judging from Mr. Watson's expression. Paula flashes a dazzling smile, Teddy "looks sweet," Mr. Twiller twirls his mustache, the villain and the stage hand scowl. Fire! Another flashlight picture is over!

The last act goes beautifully, without a single break. But we wonder how Nelly Fell will get that white paste off her hair!

PEN POINTS

CHATS ON THIS AND THAT

LOVE AFFAIR

Since early Spring
The Wind's been wooing
The dainty ladies of my garden.
At first, he shyly touched
Their nodding heads—
But dared no more.
Summer came, and he grew bolder
And danced among them
Gayly kissing each velvet face.
Now, in September
He is so ardent a suitor
That they tremble at his coming
And softly steal away—
One by one.

KATHERINE HERBERS.

ONE AND ONLY ONE

To be an only girl,
To some might seem a joy;
But if I could have my wish,
I'd choose to be a boy.

Every noon after lunch,
There are dishes to be done;
Mother calls for "Sister,"
But never once, "My son."

When the baby on the floor
Tires of playing with his toys,
All at once he cries out "Sister,"
Why can't he cry for one of the boys?

Every evening after school
The boys run out to play
Leaving Sister, in the house,
To help get supper right away.

Now I'm only a girl,
Of brothers I have four,
But I can hardly tell it,
For they're always outside the door.

HELEN MARIE CLEMENTS.

THE SNOW

The snow
When it falls, reminds me of
Many things—
Light, airy music, intertwined
With soft colors that blend
Harmoniously.
It covers the ground with a soft
White blanket, leaving the
Bare black trees against a white
Background.
I like the snow.

M. LOUISE MILBOURN.

APRIL

A poignant, pulsing life surge drips
From April's limpid finger tips
As o'er the greening earth she flings
New leaves, wee flowers, and budding things,
Glad tidings—Spring is born.
The fresh, moist sweetness of her breath
Brings answering victory over death
And April smiles where upturned sod
Reflects Life's fragrance back to God.
When April's sun and shadow meet
My heart leaps up anew to greet
Earth's Resurrection morn.

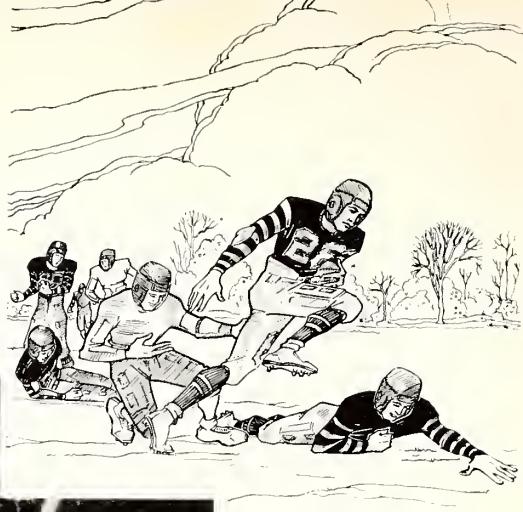
BETTY SCHELLSCHMIDT.

A GOOD BOOK

I'll take a good book
And seek a good nook
Where none may plague me or tease.
Then pass away time
With story or rhyme
And be content and at ease.

I'll read about fairies
And cats and canaries
And of lands far over the sea.
I'll read of a land,
Our own native strand,
The home of the brave and the free.

MARCELLA WIRE.



VARSITY

THE TECH TEAM
ended its 1932 football schedule by defeating the Shortridge squad with the score of 40 to 0. In the North Central Conference Tech finished in second place, winning three of the four games. Muncie won the conference crown.

Newcastle furnished the opposition for the first game, September seventeenth, Tech winning, 18 to 0. Elwood lost to Tech for the first home game, 19 to 0, September twenty-third. Bloomington held Tech to a scoreless tie at Tech's field, September thirtieth. Linton was subdued, 6 to 0, at Linton, October seventh.

In the fifth game, at Muncie, October fourteenth, the Green and White received its first setback, 13 to 0. Manual gave Tech its second defeat, October twenty-first, at the South-siders' field by the score of 13 to 7. Morton of Richmond was downed, 13 to 2, at Richmond, October twenty-eighth. Logansport, the squad that held Muncie to a 0-to-0 tie, was whipped by a 46-to-7 count, November fourth at Tech.

The Washington Continentals won the city series crown for the 1932 season when they defeated Tech at the Butler Bowl, 25 to 7; this was a charity game, played on Armistice Day. Tech broke into the scoring column as it scored a touchdown early in the first quarter.

Washington made its first marker in the third period to tie the score, 7 to 7. The last quarter was the downfall for the Green and White. Cherry, the Washington fullback, scored three touchdowns. The final score was 25 to 7.

In the last game of the season, Tech defeated its ancient rivals, the Shortridge Blue Devils, November twenty-third, on the Tech field, which looked more like a sea of mud than a gridiron. Tech outplayed its opponents, winning easily, 40 to 0.

With half of his regulars lost by graduation, Coach John A. Mueller will have fifteen regulars left to make a squad that will represent Tech for the 1933 season.

MEET THE VARSITY

First Row: Nickerson, Bohne, Skoda, Woerner, Barnes, Masarachia, Walker, Warner, Aull, Flajs.

Second Row: Tearney, Windhorst, Pardue, Dischinger, Somers, Fessler, Danner, Hendricks, Bruder, Johnson, Edwards, Rabold, Owings, Parnell.

Top Row: Coach John H. Mueller, Manager Fred Gorman, McTurnan, Schreiner, Murphy, Spaulding, Brown, Petrovich, Birk, Bland, Van Cleave, Asst. Coaches—H. Meyer, H. E. Chenoweth, Warren Cleveland.



CROSS COUNTRY

THE TECH cross-country squad under the guidance of Coach Paul E. Myers has completed its season with three victories and one defeat. This record is noteworthy considering the newness of most of the squad and the several substitutions which were made, due to illness.

The Green and White harriers won their meets from three different schools as follows: a triangular meet with Warren Central and Manual, a win from Warren Central in a dual meet, and a victory over Manual and Ben Davis in a race held at Delavan Smith Field.

Only two lettermen are on the squad of eight runners which has represented Tech this past season. They are John Thoeny, junior, and Kenneth White, a senior. Thoeny's record is outstanding since he has won every race during the past season.

The Tech cross country team for the 1932 season consisted of the following men: John Thoeny, David Behr, Robert E. Lee, Lewis Bose, Kenneth White, Rolla Burghard, John Andres, and Glenn Dunn.

YELL LEADERS

Under the able leadership of ten boys, loud and lusty yells were forthcoming from Tech throats as their owners supported Tech teams.

Ray Snyder, Claude Coyne, Arthur Gentleman, Ray Hounshell, Marion Disborough, Al Pugh, Don Money, Charles Brown, and Carl Cotterman are the ranking members of the yell team which is directed by Emory W. Bryan.

PLAY FOUR GAMES

Tech's freshman football team completed a season of four games, winning one and losing three. They outplayed a heavier Manual team to turn in a 19-to-0 victory on November third, but lost to Washington, 13 to 0, the afternoon of October twenty-seventh, and November tenth lost to Shortridge by a 19-to-6 score.

About sixty-five men reported for the first practice, but, due to cuts and other reasons, the squad at the end of the season was composed of the following twenty-six boys: Leland Banta, Karl Brauer, Frank Breiner, Harry Brown, Bruce Burgess, Ernest Correll, William Darnaby, Pardie Faccione, Kenneth Gasaway, Charles Gibbs, Forrest Hale, Dick Hardin, Keith Jackson, Jack Jester, Otis Kissinger, Seth Klein, Emmet McCleery, Thomas Osborne, Jack Reedy, Lucian Renforth, George Shields, Thomas Snyder, Don Staley, Bozidor Stoshitch, George Urquhart, and Archie Wildman.

COACHES

Front Row: Fred Henke, freshman football; H. E. Chenoweth, Houston Meyer, Warren Cleveland, football assistants.

Second Row: Thomas Campbell, basketball; Charles P. Dagwell, freshman basketball and tennis; Reuben D. Behlmer, assistant basketball and assistant track; John A. Mueller, football and baseball; Paul E. Myers, track; Fred Gorman, director.

TIMOTHY SAVES

A STORY (Continued)

"You see, I'd just gotten back to my lodgings in the city from South Africa, and I was going through all the accumulated mail—it's a grand thing to know that your friends haven't forgotten you."

"As if anyone could forget you. But, go on, man, go on!"

"I was going through the mail, when lo and behold! there was an announcement of the marriage of my most beauteous and beloved cousin, Celeste, to that lucky dog, Benson."

"Flatterer!"

"Thank you. To continue—when I saw the date, I knew I'd no time to lose, so I threw a few things together and caught the two-thirty-two. When I got off at the station, I thought I'd surprise you and so I walked out instead of phoning you. I was just passing under the old maple when all of a sudden it was blotto for Robin! But I don't really see how—"

"Oh, it was Timothy, as usual," Celeste was indignant.

"Timothy?"

"Yes," Aunt Anne explained. "He was a present from your Uncle Geoffrey."

"He has the vilest temper of any cat I've ever seen," sniffed Celeste. "Why, he crouches in that old maple and pounces on any stranger who goes underneath it."

"And, Robin," broke in Aunt Anne, "do be careful if you go into the library. Timothy's rather fond of sleeping on those bookcases beside the east door."

Celeste bounded from her chair and seized Robin by the hand. "You haven't seen my wedding gifts yet. Come on! I'll show you. They're in the library."

Robin gave a cautious glance at the bookcases as he stepped inside the library. Fine! The redoubtable Timothy was nowhere to be seen.

"I say! You have a lot of gifts. Why, I'll bet you've got every spare table in the house loaded with things in here."

After a lengthy circuit of the various tables, Celeste stopped at one near the door by which they had entered.

"Look, Robin, isn't this a peach?" She exhibited a jade pendant on a thin, antique chain. "Rodney sent it from China."

"Good Heavens! That must be worth quite a bit. Isn't it rather careless to leave all these valuables like this?"

"Oh, I don't know. But we're having a couple of detectives come down tomorrow morning to keep an eye on them till after the wedding."

The mellow, insistent bong, bong, bong of the stately grandfather's clock in the corner put an end to their talk.

Celeste gave a small shriek. "Mercy! Look what time it's got to be already. We'll have to rush and dress or we'll be late for dinner. You'll have your old room, Robin; Carstairs has taken up your bag. Come on, I'll race you!"

Robin strode down the hall. Yes, this was the room. He opened the door.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" He stared.

Paws daintily tucked beneath him, the temperamental Timothy gazed at him with all the imperturbability of a Buddha from the center of his dinner jacket.

Good night! He'd have to get the beast out of the way before he could dress. What to do?

"Here, kitty, kitty, kitty. Nice kitty! Come to Uncle Robin, kitty." He pursed his lips and made that wheezing sound to which animals usually respond.

"Come, kitty, kitty." He added under his breath, "You little devil."

Timothy evidently failed to hear this last, for majestically and with a dignity possible only to a cat, he rose, stretched, and with a soft thud dropped to the floor on his India-rubber paws. Arching his back, he picked his way toward Robin's outstretched hand, purring with all the fervor of a perpetual motion machine.

"Kitty, kitty." Timothy cocked his head to one side and stretched his neck until he could sniff the proffered hand. Reassured by what he scented, he advanced and began to rub against Robin's legs.

Calmly, so as not to arouse that uncertain temper that lurked between those luminous eyes, Robin stepped warily backward, enticing him to the door, and, when he was outside, slammed it shut, barely missing a long, beautiful whisker.

Timothy gave the equivalent of a feline sniff of contempt and stalked down the hallway in search of someone who would better appreciate his friendly overtures.

Dinner was over and the family and guests had gathered in the sitting-room when Carstairs entered and made his way to Aunt Anne.

"There's a person at the door, ma'am, who says he's from the detective agency. Shall I show him in?"

"Detective agency? Are you sure? Yes, show him in, Carstairs."

The butler was back in a moment with a somberly-garbed individual.

THE DAY

from Page 6)

"I'm O'Connor from the Whitlock-Deeping Agency, Mrs. Leeds."

"But I don't understand. Mr. Whitlock said that two men would be down in the morning."

"I know, ma'am, but he thought I had better come down this evening. He'll send the other men in the morning."

"Very well. Carstairs will show you where to stay. The gifts you are to watch are kept in the library."

The man's face was vaguely familiar to Robin, and for some reason it inspired a sense of distrust. Where had he seen him before? However, he dismissed the thought with a shrug. It probably didn't matter anyhow.

It was a little after eleven when the group broke up. Passing the library door, Robin noticed it was slightly ajar. "Careless of them," he muttered and started to shut it.

Swish! He glanced down just as Timothy bounced into the library. "Aha!" an unholy gleam filled his eyes. "You won't bother me tonight," and he slammed the door shut.

Robin sat up in bed. Had he been dreaming, or were those real shouts that had awakened him?

"Help!" A man's agonized voice came from below. Jumping from the bed, Robin snatched up a robe. The cries continued. He opened his door simultaneously with the opening of doors all along the hall. Heads popped out, eyes blinking in alarm. Someone switched on the light.

"Oh, Robin, what is it?" Celeste in a scarlet negligee came running toward him.

"I don't know. It's downstairs. Probably in the library. Follow me," he shouted to the man, and, armed with an umbrella snatched from a nearby stand, he plunged down the stairs.

The cries were issuing from the half-open library door. Summoning his courage, Robin stepped inside the door, felt for the switch, and turned on the light.

"Great Scott!" Robin blinked. For a repetition of that disastrous scene of the afternoon in which he had been an involuntary participant greeted his eyes. Hopping about in his bare feet and howling like a wounded dog was the detective, O'Connor, with a hissing, scratching, malignant-eyed Timothy perched on his head.

"Take it away," he frantically pleaded.

Robin rushed forward and made a grab for the cat. The man continued howling. Blood crept down his face from several scratches.

"I say!" Robin felt a great light dawning upon him. "A couple of you fellows had better catch hold of him and don't let him go." He carefully deposited the spitting Timothy on the floor and saw him retreat to a distant corner to regain his ruffled composure.

"Celeste, is there anything missing?"

She quickly scanned the tables and her eyes came to rest upon the one containing the jewelry.

"Oh, Robin," she wailed, "Rodney's pendant. It's gone. And a watch. And—"

"Never mind." Robin felt like Sherlock Holmes on the verge of disclosing to an awed assembly the solution that only a great brain could detect. "Never mind."

He approached the detective and ran a swift hand through his pockets. "Ah-ha! Just as I thought!" The group stared as he produced the missing articles. "A thief!"

Timothy settled himself more comfortably in the cushion. People were silly things. Thank heavens they were gone! Why, you'd think that he'd done something great—the fuss they'd made over him. Jumping upon that obnoxious stranger who had come prowling into the library and awakened him was nothing. To think that the fellow had been a thief! And what was more disgraceful was to hear that brazen Robin say that he had seen the man in a police court when he was up for speeding. Positively disgraceful! Might as well go to sleep. He'd have a battle on his hands tomorrow with that vulgar, thieving cat down the road which was forever stealing his salmon!

A CROWDED STREET CAR

(Continued from page 16)

Cabin Inn. You should have seen the swell-lookin' fella I met! We got home at exactly —"

"That Spartan? Well, my dear lad, she flunked me twice! That unnecessary portion of creation is just like sin. She is a respecter of no persons. Why—"

"Depauw Avenue! Depauw Avenue!

"Willie, I shall shake the stuffings out of you in one minute! You big, spoiled baby. Stop that whining, or you'll wish you had."

"Yes, the father just made twenty-five dollars a week and in his will, he left—"

"State Street! State Street! Everybody off! End of the line!"

WILMA C. MCCALLIAN.

HOUR GLASS GLEANINGS

ECHOES OF CAMPUS GOSSIP

SEPTEMBER 6—"A little learning is a dangerous thing." So we've come back for more. The first day of school—and such wonderful changes! The Arsenal remodeled; new walks criss-crossing the campus like the strips on a Dutch apple pie.

SEPTEMBER 12—Rained all day. Lewis Bose sprinted across a huge puddle when he could have used our new walks; but then, he's a track star, you know.

SEPTEMBER 17—First game on the gridiron. Beat Newcastle as a good start.

SEPTEMBER 19—Another rainy Monday! Life is just a series of cloud-bursts.

SEPTEMBER 28—Freshman Parents' Tea—the first of its kind and something Tech shall always remember with pride. Did we see Chuck Reed there? Yes, but he was a part of the entertainment, and a most important part.

SEPTEMBER 30—CANNON Day. The first issue came out—a big surprise. The CANNON sponsored a gala auditorium, too.

OCTOBER 3—And still it rains. We are having ample opportunity to appreciate our walks. Jerry Holman wore his trousers half-mast.

OCTOBER 6—The Stratford Literary Club had such an interesting Riley program today.

OCTOBER 7—The newest wrinkle in men's fashions seems to be these brightly colored furnace gloves. Orange ones like Herbert Hunt's predominate at the football games.

OCTOBER 10—Yes, it rained again. I bought a CANNON coupon book from Edith Marie Overtree. Didn't we all?

OCTOBER 11—First grades. Carol Helser set a high goal for all to attain.

OCTOBER 19—The cast of the senior play for the L-to-Z division was announced today. It's to be a rollicking comedy. Tomorrow begins a vacation. Teachers' Convention.

OCTOBER 21—Manual defeated Tech today, but even the brilliant red and white shoes of the opponents' yell-leaders couldn't trample our spirits. We know our team!

OCTOBER 24—The sun shone today and on a Monday, too! And Bill Robertson without his boots! This certainly can't go on.

OCTOBER 27—The senior officers were officially announced today.

OCTOBER 28—The R. O. T. C. boys joined in the festive welcome for President Hoover.

NOVEMBER 1—Rained today instead of yesterday; I knew it would.

NOVEMBER 2—Will we ever forget Mr. White and his dashing caballeros at the program for the reception of parents of mid-course stu-

dents? Incidentally Mr. White's shirt was delicately tie-dyed; and those stage-craft boys are wonders. Did you notice the life-like Western pony they somehow evolved?

NOVEMBER 4—Another football victory—this one over Logansport. We like to see the points pile up like that.

NOVEMBER 7—We're all ready to cast our votes for a senior play candidate. We wouldn't miss seeing "Torch-Bearers" for anything.

NOVEMBER 8—Big day! National election; our own election for senior play favorite—Teddy won, you know—and, report cards to top it all (or spoil it).

NOVEMBER 10—Liveliest pep session yet—for Tech-Washington benefit game.

NOVEMBER 11—In many ways Tech renewed the memory of Armistice Day. We all were impressed by the beautiful services at the Auditorium, were proud that our R. O. T. C. boys marched in the Armistice parade, and cheered for victory at the Tech-Washington benefit game. We lost, but the aid given the unemployed repaid all efforts.

NOVEMBER 15—Well, it snowed today and out came the ear-muffs. McCord Oglesby passed this one day without that—laugh. Is that a threat or a promise?

NOVEMBER 17—Bake Shop day again. That boys' cooking class is a whiz. Chester McDermet is going to be a chef.

NOVEMBER 23—Such a game, such mud, and what a runner, that Jimmy Walker. The tableau of the Angelus presented at the Auditorium inspired all of us.

DECEMBER 2—The "torch" was certainly borne high. And that second act! The mere mention of it brings convulsions of merriment.

DECEMBER 7—The open house for the senior parents today gave opportunity for the formal adoption of the class colors.

DECEMBER 12—Al Pugh must have shot a bear. With that coat he really should hibernate.

DECEMBER 13—Did you buy your campus pictorial map?

DECEMBER 16—With the visions of Christmas in many lands lingering in our memories, our Christmas should be a happy one. Now, for some snowy vacationing.

JANUARY 2—Back to school just in time to start breaking New Year's resolutions.

JANUARY 13—CANNON sponsors dance, on Friday the thirteenth! not superstitious, are we?

JANUARY 16—We greet the school with our "personality" CANNON magazine.

TIPS ON TECH'S WALL STREET



Music Department—

When music's in the air, joy's not wanting there. What Tech program would be complete without the contributions of the Music department? Music presents a splendid future; Tech offers valuable opportunities in this art.



English Department—

Are you clever, or do you want to be? In either case the English department can help you. The arts of writing, the puzzles of grammar, the subtleties of dramatics, the persuasive powers of advertising—all these are offered in this comprehensive department.



Social Studies—

President of the United States? No, you may not aspire so high, but there's much in just knowing how to be a good citizen. For past and present history, as well as future outlook, consult our Social Studies department.



Agriculture Department—

It offers opportunities not only for the future farmer or chemist, but also for the rabbit fancier, aspiring apiarist, the boy or the girl who wishes to raise chickens, or the future tired business man who will enjoy an hour in his garden at the close of a hard day's work.



Graphic Arts—

Chinese were clever as they invented printing, but—they couldn't hold a candle to the work now being done in this department. This magazine is a "sample" of our work in drawing and layout.



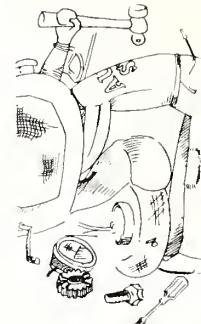
Commercial Department

A wide field for future employment is that of commercial work. This department offers valuable training in the fundamentals of modern business procedure.



Modern Languages—

As the world grows smaller, the cultured person of today realizes more and more the need for a better appreciation of his neighbors. To understand one's neighbor, one must read and speak his language.



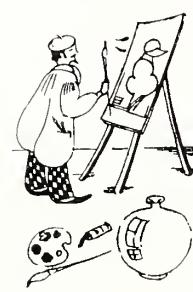
Related Auto Shop—

Each unit of the automobile is analyzed and studied as to: fundamental principles, types in use, names of parts, materials used, stresses on parts, kind and type of bearings, lubrication method and kind, service adjustments, permissible wear on the parts, or required replacements. Trade terms, math, science, and "Safety, Health, and Sanitation" are part of the course.



Home Economics—

"Man cannot live without cooks." Nor can he live without the seamstress or the nurse. In many ways the Home Economics department directly prepares girls for future work.



Department of Fine Art—

To add something to the enjoyment of life, to give a right knowledge for the making of those artistic judgments so necessary to develop and train exceptional talent—these are the aims and achievements of the Department of Fine Art.

SQUIBS AND CRACKERS

FRESHMAN'S WISH

I wish I could have:
The brain of George Messmer
The brawn of Pat Fessler
The grin of Jimmy Raber
The strength of Henry Bruder
The eyes of Johnny Baker
The teeth of Jimmy Walker
The hair of Charles Miller
The dimples of Paul Bruner.

* * *

Some day a popular song writer will give us
"The Automobile Blues" in four flats.

* * *

Charles Sage: I fell against the piano but
it didn't hurt me.

John: How come?

Charles Sage: I fell against the soft pedal.

* * *

Buck Goble: Have you heard the story about
the peacock?

Pal: No.

Buck: It's a beautiful tail.

* * *

A person I respect
And never could hoot
Is one who can gracefully
Eat a grapefruit.

* * *

Lost—An umbrella by a girl with a broken
rib.

* * *

A freshman puzzled Miss Harter and her assistants the other day by asking for the book, "The Dentists' Infirmary." After much questioning it was revealed that the book he wanted was "Dantes Inferno."

* * *

Charles Johnson says a skeleton is a man with
the insides taken out and the outside taken off.

* * *

Al Barker is so bright his mother looks at
him through smoked glasses.

* * *

Marjorie Steward: Shall I sing for you?
Helen: Have you a song with a refrain?
Marjorie: Of course.
Helen: Then please refrain.

THE HISTORY CLASS

I went to history class
Totally unprepared,
It was on Monday morning
And, believe me, I was scared.

I honestly don't see how
One class could be so dumb
But all of us were acting
As though our brains were numb.

Katherine Hedges was trying
To scrape polish off her nail,
La Donna Lofton was sitting
Tense and scared and pale.

Neil Whitney bit his finger,
Dick De Tarr tried to hide,
David Fowler was wondering
Just when Washington died.

Julia Chambers couldn't think
When the Jay Treaty was made;
John Logan couldn't figure
Just what the President's paid.

And then it was my turn,
But, oh, the praises be,
The bell rang just as
The teacher got to me.

MARTHA HUDGINS.

* * *

Charles Pringle's idea of political economy—
splitting your vote.

* * *

WHAT THEY INTEND TO BE:

Neil Whitney wants to be a street car conductor so he can ride uptown free.

Carol Helser wants to work in a candy store.
We wonder why.

Ward Hughes can't decide whether to be an aviator or a mathematician. He says either of them would have him in the air.

Ruth Huettlin is going to be a chemist. You just can't talk that girl into believing the moon is made of cheese. She wants to take it apart and find out.

* * *

When asked what occupation the presidents were engaged in, John Logan replied, "Cabinet-makers."

* * *

"Forget and Forgive." But most folks are more for getting than they are for giving.

SNAPPY REFLECTIONS



MUCH TABOO ABOUT NOTHING

FAVORITE THEME SONGS

For rainy days: "I Wish I Had Wings."
Before grades: "Please."
After grades: "Say It Isn't So."
In lunch line: "For I'm Still Just Rolling On."
To our teachers who gave us D's: "Is That the Human Thing to Do."
Ted Jones, Tech's own saxophone genius: "I Was Born on a Farm Down in Ioway."
A straight A plus card: "Just Another Dream."
The Tech campus for the dogs: "Paradise."
To students who didn't buy a CANNON: "Are You Sorry?"

* * *

WHAT WE'D LIKE TO KNOW

Have you ever seen CLYDE when he wasn't in a FOGG?
CHARLOTTE without GEORGE?
Does TOM like ham-BERGER?
Is JOAN a BAKER?
Will ELLA ever be MAYER?

* * *

NIFTY NOTIONS

Charles Miller's brown derby, John Logan's polo coat, Bob Ferguson's new perfume, Andre Hundley's muffler, Bob Hubbard's canvas gloves, Herbie Hunt's car, and John Saliday's five-colored sweater.

* * *

How can girls write so fast with their shorthand?

* * *

Teacher: In what respects had the Latins an advantage over us?

Vida Clarkson: They didn't have to learn Latin.

* * *

And now Dick Humphreys thinks his kid sis is taking a course in "domestic silence."

* * *

Mr. Shirley, in Economic Geography: When was beef the highest?

Whisper in back of the room: When the cow jumped over the moon.

* * *

During the big snow Clark Russell pulled a new excuse for tardiness. He said that they had to push the bus five blocks.

THANKS, INDIANAPOLIS!

Where, oh where, have the mud puddles gone,
Where, oh where, can they be?
For I've looked all over the Arsenal lawn,
And not a one can I see!

Oh, sure there are lakelets of raindrops
Galore, to be found around here;
But not one of those slimy muddle-do-slops
That we used to dread and to fear!

For all of our puddles of water it seems
Have bottoms of "genuine" rock,
Since the answer has come to all of our dreams,
And really true walks have been docked.

ELLSWORTH HANDY.

* * *

Would you throw a rope to a drowning lemon just to give a lemon-ade?

* * *

THEIR FAVORITE WORDS.

Clarence Hoffman—"Sensational."
Betty Sturm—"Maestro."
Paxine St. Helens—"Look at I."
Martha Weddle—"Obviously."
Katherine Trees—"Cute."

* * *

We like to see the cars run and the time fly,
but on rainy days we would rather see the cement walk.

* * *

I love you, I need you,
What's all the fuss?
Oh I was just speaking
To my single A plus.

* * *

Margaret Alabam: Whew! these stairs get me down!

Maxine Holt: That's funny; they get me up!

* * *

Frank Nauta thinks that the offices of treasurer and sergeant-at-arms should be combined to collect dues from some of the seniors.

* * *

English teacher, taking a blank sheet of paper from a student: Why, where is the mystery story I assigned?

Stude: That's the mystery—to find the story.

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